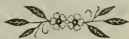


PS 1919
.H28
Copy 1

PAGES
—OF—
POETRY.

By FERDINAND HEISKELL.



Copyrighted 1886 by FERDINAND HEISKELL.

PAGES

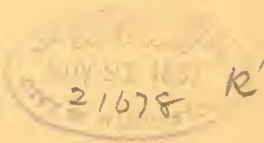
—OF—

POETRY.

—BY—

✓
FERDINAND HEISKELL.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



PS 1919

, H 28

Oh! tell me not of the trouble
Of those that are dead and are gone,
For surely, most surely, thrice double
Are the cares that I have of my own.

Oh! tell me not of the morrow
Or what is then to be done,
“Sufficient to each day is its sorrow,
To man born under the sun.”

Oh! tell me not of the sorrow
Of those that are dead and are gone,
For he's a d——d fool that will borrow
Trouble from some other one.

Do as best we can,
Life is hardly to be borne;
But “man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

Speak of the devil and his imps will appear,
We were talking of you and behold you are here.

THE COWARD.

No heart, no soul, and if I must tell it
The gods will witness that he has no melt.
He cares about nobody
And nobody cares about him.

He is *near about nobody*
And nobody near about him ;
This world to do well *with him*
Would *do well to do without him.*

TO BACCHUS.

(AIR—Last Rose of Summer.)
Miserable Bummer.

“ ’Tis the last rose of summer,”
’Tis the last drop you see ;
I’m a miserable bummer,
Oh ! who will pity me.

Religion to bay of Biscay,
And politics be d—m ;
I’m singing for my whisky, -
I’m bumming for my dram.

CHORUS—Hip, hussa, hip hussa, hip, hip hussa.

I have emptied my last bottle,
I have drained out my last cup,
Oh ! for a drop to just wet my throttle,
Say, Johnny, fill them up.

CHORUS.

I have traversed every ocean,
I have traveled every land
For a drink to suit my notion—
I now hold it in my hand.

CHORUS.

Oh ! some may drink their lager beer,
And others take their wine,
But give me good rye whisky here,
I'll take alcohol in mine.

CHORUS.

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I think I feel them bed bugs bight—
The d——d things are all around me.

EPITAPH.

Rest to his soul,
Peace to his ashes,
While the wild waves roll
And the storm cloud clashes.

I did not think it right,
When they drafted me to fight,
But I hoped 'twould all turn out for the best ;
So before we reached the front,
The enemy had run,
And set all my hopes and fears forever at rest.

I jumped aboard a railroad car,
I was a leetle short of cash,
(And I was greatly embarrassed and praying for
something to turn up.)

But we had not gone so very far
Till she busted all to smash
(And I felt greatly relieved)

I jumped aboard the telegraph,
And went it *hell to scoot*;
I'll swear I beat a lumber raft
And a six ox team to boot.

TO THE WARD POLITICIAN.

The way, the way to cooh a whale
Is to put *cum grano sales* on his tail.

I thought then,
And now I see,
I fought my countrymen
For the harmony,
The symphony,
The unity,
Of unborn billions yet to be.

Fools will stalk
Where angels dare not stand,
Up boldly walk
And grab divinity by the hand.

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends,”
There is a consanguinity that binds us friends,

A mutual affinity that to life a constant glamour
lends,
A masculo-femininity that so in God's image our
nature blends,
That doth for so many miseries make amends,
That it makes this d——d world if not pleasant
at least endurable.

What has become of the great Grover's goody,
doody, precious promises and pledges?
They are "Gone where the woodbine twineth,"
Gone where the lost stars shineth,
Gone where eternity alone confineth,
Gone where the gods alone divineth,
Gone, gone glimmering, gone.

AIR—"Do they miss me at home."

Will you kiss me, sweet one, will you kiss me,
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
If you'd stretch out your arms and embrace me
And with a loud smack say, yes, sir.

Love me little,
Love me long,
Love is brittle
When too strong.

OR,

Love me strong

If but a minute,
It may be rong
But there's millions in it.

John Anderson, my Jo John,
When we were first acquaint
I thought you were a bully one
But now I see you aint.

"When Willie comes marching home,
With bright laurels on his brow,"
He fought to win them there,
He loves to wear them now.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said,"
On my native sod I stand,
Thank God for my native land.

I lived on the wind,
Existed on air,
I simply grinned
And learned to bear—
Wasting the energies of an immortal soul trying
to borrow fifteen cents in cash,
Suffering death a thousand fold negotiating for
to-morrow's hash.

A TRUTHFUL MAN.

With him, yes means yes
And no means no ;
And when he says he has
'Tis the same as if he'd told you so.

EBENEZER, June 15, 1886.

EBENEZER, Oct. 25, 1885.

The mills of the gods grind slow,
But they grind exceedingly small,
If this is the distich they can show
They'd better not grind at all.

EBENEZER, TENN., Aug. 24, 1886.

I have said it oft before,
And will repeat it yet again,
That you may tell it o'er and o'er—
Bad treatment makes bad men.

APRIL 11, 1886.

Fix as you may,
Twist as you can,
Say what you may say,
'Tis virtue makes the man.

I have stood where thousands stood,
And Mars stood wondering at our hardihood.

Let the light of Thy countenance shine
Down on me and enlighten mine.

The reason some men part their hair in the middle is that their heads are so light that a few extra hairs on one side would throw them off their balance.

We met by chance, we met by chance, we met by chance,
the usual way.

Says I to her, "How are you Nance?

How ar U Nance! how ar U Nance?

How ar U Nance?" but she would not say.

ROBERT INGERSOLL'S CREED.

Earth, air or water,
Heaven, hell or hotter,
God, man or devil,
I'm on a level.
The wild girl of Siberia,
Or my own brother,
I ask no inferior,
Obey no superior,
In this world or any other.
Great God of love,
Look from above
And bless us in thy mercy,
If thou wouldst prove
That thou art love,
If not so vice versa.

AIR—Love Among the Roses.

I hate to tell but then I must,
For in her heart I place my trust—
In her breast my love reposes—
I'll marry her or by G— I'll bust
Love among the roses.

SEPT. 30, 1887—10 O'CLOCK P. M.

What shall I eat,
Bread or meat?
And oh ! what is best for me?
What do you think
I should drink,
Whisky, milk or tea?

OCT. 19, 1887.

He's afraid to do right
For fear he'll do wrong ;
Like a wearisome night
Drags his slow lengths along.

OCT. 19, 1887.

Of what use
Is vile abuse?
What good will it do?
The hissing goose
That you turn loose
Will be future food for you.

FEB. 18, 1887.

(Written on a singletree attached to a sled.)

What I ask is not much,
But in English, French and Dutch,
Hebrew, Sanscrit and Syngalee,
Arabic, Coptic and pure Chinee,
I wish, I ask, demand, I pray,
I desire, implore, command, I say,
I'm attached to this sled and let me stay.
Oh! woo me not, oh! take me not away,
At least till our final, our eternal day,
When I or the sled or both decay,
Or our honored master hath past away—
His dust is mingled with mother clay.
Yes on this sled I've set my heart,
"Let us be wed till death do us part."

Oct. 28, 1887.

If distance "do" lend
 Enchantment to the view,
Will it not, my friend,
 Do as much for you?

If distance do lend
 Enchantment to the view,
Oh! most true friend,
 Will it not that much do for you!

My friend, my friend,
 Give the devil his due,

Perhaps in the end
He'll favor you.

OCT. 28, 1887.

Other gods shall guide us,
Other "nods" betide us,
Other rods shall chide us,
Other sods shall hide us.

The old man went out into his watermellon patch,
Whence all his mellons had fled,
He looked around for his watermellons,
And saw nothing but rinds instead.
Yet beautiful that night he stood,
As he viewed his ruined farm,
He wondered at their hardihood
And cried aloud alarm :
" Run here' Bill,
I will kill ;
Run, Bill, run,
Fetch my gun,
Be quick, my son,
Run, I say,
Do not stay,
Till they get away."
Bill cried aloud, " Say, father, say,
If still you ask your gun?"
" G—d d—d it, yes," the old man replied.
And fast those boys rolled on.

Then came a burst as thunder loud,
The old man, oh ! where was he?
Ask but earth that forms his shroud,
Or his fragments on the sea.
He now is dead,
It blowed his head,
Clear above the sky ;
It blowed his feet
Where the angels meet—
“ Farewell, my lover, good-bye.”
His breast it burst
And blowed to dust,
His other parts serene.
He went castust
Like a whirly-gust
And that are was his 'een.

Oct. 29, 1887.

Empty the barn-loft,
Empty is the mow ;
Empty is the horse-traugh,
Empty is my cow.

Come ugly sinner
On whose breast
Ten thousand bugs revolve,
Come with their bloody stains (when pressed)
And make this last resolve :

I can but perish if I stay,
I am resolved to fly,
For if I do not get away
They'll surely suck me dry.

“Lapsis lingue,”
Slipsis pengue,
Lipses slangue.

Both an eye witness
And a hear whatness.

Oh ! come to my arms
Thou sweet-smelling gourd-vine ;
When shall thy charms
Be added to mine.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 603 8 ●